

MT. STERLING ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE.

VOL. V

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1895.

NO. 25

LOOK OUT!

SPECIAL SALE DAYS

Friday & Saturday

EVERY WEEK for CASH ONLY at

W.S. LLOYD'S

Drug and Book Store,
No. 9 S. Maysville St.

We offer for this FRIDAY and SATURDAY cut prices on Rubber Goods. Look at window display.

Atomizers from 50c to \$2.

Hot Water Bottles from 75c to \$3.

Fountain Syringes from 75c to \$3.

Household Family Syringe, 50c.

Use "Handicream," the best preparation on the market for chapped hands, face and lips.

To the Public School Teachers.

Georgetown College, appreciating the earnest desire of the teachers of the Public Schools to fit themselves in the best manner possible, for their work, decided last June to open a Normal Department for the last half of this Scholastic year. I am glad to announce now to all teachers that instruction in that Department will begin Jan. 22, the opening of the Spring term of the College. The instruction will be in charge of the Faculty of the College and will be thorough and in keeping with the best modern methods. Dr. Rucker will have charge of Mathematics, Dr. Yager, Civil Government, Dr. Eastwood, Natural Sciences, Miss Pollard, History, Prof. Pultman, English Grammar and general Normal methods. In addition to the Normal course the teachers may avail themselves of the advantages of any or all classes in the College, and in this way fit themselves, if desired, for advanced work. For this year it has been decided that no tuition fee will be charged. It is hoped that many teachers will avail themselves of this opportunity. Good boarding can be had in the town for from three dollars to three and a half per week. The College boarding halls are now full, or still better rates could be offered.

Correspondence with teachers is most earnestly solicited. For further information in reference to the Normal Course or College, address

A. C. DAVIDSON, President,
Georgetown, Ky.

The heavy fall of snow and rain last Thursday throughout the Ohio valley and above Pittsburgh has caused all the larger tributaries of the Ohio river to rise rapidly again. Another flood is expected at Pittsburgh, and at Wheeling the river is booming. Local river men do not anticipate much of a rise, but the weather may prevent otherwise. At Indianapolis the fall of snow was the heaviest in years, measuring about twelve inches and still coming down.

The friends of the Currency Bill have returned to Washington in sufficient number to put the measure through the House, and another attempt may be made to-day. Friends of the bill have surrendered none of their determination to secure some currency legislation if possible.

George McGee, a convict from Maysville, who killed a fellow-conscript at Frankfort, has been sentenced to death. His hanging will be the first legal execution in Franklin county for thirty-two years.

The Cotton Growers' Convention at Jackson, Mississippi, united in depressing over production as the cause of the present unsatisfactory outlook for the planters and in urging greater diversity of crops.

GOV. BROWN'S BLAST.

He Scores the Ohio Judge Buckwaller.

Gov. John Young Brown roasts the Ohio Judge Buckwaller, who refused to surrender the negro murderer, Hampton, on a requisition issued by Governor Brown on Gov. McKinley. Gov. Brown says of Buckwaller: "He should have seen it executed and the statements of the Judge are grossly inadequate and his arguments mere subterfuge and quibble."

"He has usurped the prerogatives of the Governor of his own State, and deliberately refused to execute the plain command of the law of the United States, and has subordinated it to his own caprice."

"He has reproached Kentucky for crime, from which his own great state is not quietest. He accepted the statements of a fugitive from justice, that he feared unlawful violence if remanded to Kentucky as sufficient reason for his discharge."

"The Statutes of Ohio, in so far as they prescribe methods and conditions supplementary to and inconsistent with the United States law of extradition must be admitted to be void. This proposition no one disputes."

"No lawyer claims that Judge Buckwaller's decision is sustained by any precedent in the country, and it followed by the Judiciary of Ohio. It will make that State a refuge and a paradise for all the murderers, thieves and rapists of the South, and is an invitation and assurance of welcome and protection given by the proclamation of Buckwaller."

Circuit Court will convene next Monday. The docket will be as follows:

Continued—Criminal 56.
Appearances—Criminal 18.
Continued—Ordinary 84.
Appearances—Ordinary 52.
Continued—Equity 288.
Appearances—Equity 56.

Judge Cooper will undoubtedly emphasize in his instructions to the Grand Jury their duty, matters need looking into, and the Grand Jury must be bold in the discharge of their work. The law is too slack. There are no better people than Montgomery's and yet there are within our borders some very bad men, who are murderers, and it is with the Grand Jury whether or not they are brought before the court. We can not hope to be prosperous with our present unavoidable names for businesses."

Mr. W. S. Lloyd, druggist, in the Richmond Register, that three bushels of soaked corn are worth four of dry corn for feeding milch cows. He has tried it. Last summer he paid 60 cents for corn and 45 cents for wheat. He bought 40 bushels of wheat, soaked it, fed it to his cows and horses and it fed equally as far as the same quantity of corn would go, and the stock did better. Forty bushels of corn would have cost \$24; the same amount of wheat cost \$18, which nets a saving of \$6 and a better result to the stock. Mr. Prewitt advises the farmers to feed their wheat and sell their corn while the prices are on the latter.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The stockholders of the North Middletown and Mt. Sterling Turnpike Co., will hold their annual meeting at Sidewell on Saturday, the 3d day of February, 1895, at 10 o'clock. 25-3t

Senator Hill informed the Senate that he did not think it probable that the President would disapprove of a bill repealing the income tax if Congress should see fit to pass one.

The Stanford Interior-Journal is authority for the statement that John K. Faulkner, who died at Richmond, Ky., committed suicide with poison.

"An Indignation Meeting."

In answer to a call issued for a mass meeting of the citizens of Montgomery county to protest against the late disorders in our midst, and to put the good people of Montgomery on record as against those disorders, a large crowd of representative citizens assembled at the Court-house, notwithstanding the inclement weather yesterday afternoon.

L. T. Childs was made Chairman and the local representatives of the press Secretaries. After speeches by several parties a committee, consisting of Rev. C. J. Nugent, County Judge E. C. O'Rear, Messrs. J. G. Trimble and J. G. Lane were appointed to Resolutions. The Committee presented the following which were adopted:

Whereas, Various disorders in violation of the law have occurred in our midst, including the late lynching and

Whereas, The said disorders have created the impression that our people are not a law-abiding people, but give countenance to and thus encourage crimes and misdemeanors, therefore

Resolved, That we protest against such an imputation upon the good name of our community and emphatically denounce such disorders and crimes as have led to such unjust infamies.

Resolved, That we heartily approve the offering of a reward by the Governor and the County Court for the arrest and conviction of the parties to the late cruel lynching, which took place in our city.

Resolved, That we urge the officers of the law to use every legal effort to purge our people free of censure for deeds for which they are no wise responsible.

Resolved, That we will give every encouragement and our free support to all our authorities in their efforts to discover and punish criminals.

Resolved, That we recommend the appointment of a Committee of ten citizens who shall have authority to call the people together in mass meeting whenever they judge best and who shall be charged with the duty of actively assisting the officers in discovering crimes and enforcing the law.

Resolved, That we request the Grand Jury to make a most rigid and searching investigation into the late lynching and all other disorders in our community.

J. G. TRIMBLE,
C. J. NUGENT,
J. G. LANE
Ed C. O'REAR,
Committee.

In accordance with the above resolutions, the Chairman appointed the following committee:

Ed. C. O'Rear, Rev. C. J. Nugent, J. G. Trimble, J. D. Lane, J. H. Mason, G. W. Kemper, M. W. Anderson, W. T. Fitzpatrick, B. F. Cockrell, I. N. Horton.

The meeting was addressed by a number of gentleman, among them Col. A. T. Wood, Rev. C. J. Nugent, A. J. Arrick and Judge Keller.

Common Sense

Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local application can do no permanent good. The common sense of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills, cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action to the alimentary canal.

Mrs. Mary Campbell, wife of Barney Campbell died at her home on Saturday afternoon after a long illness of consumption. Mrs. Campbell was about 40 years of age and leaves four small children to the care of a bereaved husband. The funeral was conducted by Father Healy at the Catholic church on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Burial in St. Patrick's Cemetery.

It is a fact that the Mississippi land which was sold by the Columbia Finance and Trust Company, trustees of the New Farmers' Bank for \$7,000, has been resold for \$75,000? We have heard such a rumor and we mention that those interested in the matter may investigate for themselves.

The meetings that were to have been held at the First Presbyterian church this week have been indefinitely postponed on account of the sudden change in the weather.

Proclamation by the Governor.

\$400 REWARD.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

WHEREAS, It has been made known to me by the Circuit and County Judges of Montgomery County, Ky., that Thomas Blair was taken from the jail of said county on the night of December 31, 1894, by a mob of unknown persons and hanged until dead, and said unknown persons are now fugitives from justice going at large; and the said Judges having recommended that a reward be offered for the apprehension of said fugitives;

Now, therefore, I, JOHN YOUNG BROWN, Governor of the Commonwealth aforesaid, do hereby offer a reward of Four Hundred Dollars, each, for the apprehension of and conviction of the unknown murderers of said Thomas Blair, or any one of them.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the Seal of the Commonwealth to be affixed,

Done at Frankfort the 12th day of January, in the year of our Lord一千八百九十五年, and in the one hundred and ninth year of the Commonwealth.

By the Governor:
JOHN YOUNG BROWN.
JOHN W. HEADLEY,
Secretary of State.

By EDWARD O. LEIGH,
Assistant Secretary of State.

Reward!

The Fiscal Court of Montgomery County, Ky., at their session on January 12, 1895, authorized and offered a reward of \$100 each to be paid for the arrest and conviction of the persons, who, on December 31, 1894, killed Thomas Blair in Montgomery county, Ky., by hanging him. This is in addition to the reward offered by the Governor of Kentucky.

ED C. O'REAR,
P. J. M. C. U.

On last Sunday morning Mrs. Margaret, wife of William C. Helwig died from the effects of pneumonia, aged 28 years. She was a member of the Anti-Social Christian church and was married four years ago. She leaves a husband and two children. Johnnie aged two years and Pauline five months. She was taken violently ill on the third day of this month with pneumonia which so reduced her strength that she could not stand other complications that set up. Her funeral was preached at the residence Monday afternoon by Elder B. W. Trimble assisted by Rev. Cleon Keys after which she was buried in Machpelah Cemetery. This is a sad death, a mother in young womanhood to be stricken down leaving little ones to be brought up. The ways of God are past finding out, but they are wise and we should seek their will.

The husband must realize that she has gone before us and the same road he must pass. His duty here is to follow the directions of the master working for God and bringing up the little ones left to his charge so that they may become valuable acquisitions.

Mrs. Helwig was an excellent woman, a Christian, and when the minister talked to her concerning her dissolution she said she would delight to assist in the rearing of her children but that God would do what was right. An excellent spirit submits the will to the will of God. She was the daughter of Sanford Powers and was raised in this country. All Christian people tender their sympathy to the bereaved husband, little ones and other relatives.

The bottom of the Atlantic forms a sort of terrace around the continents, sloping gradually for several miles, then suddenly descending to a far greater depth. In general about one hundred miles from the shore there is a depth of one hundred fathoms, but in ten miles more the depth exceeds one thousand fathoms.

It is believed that South Dakota's defaulting State Treasurer had a large sum of money with him. Suit has been brought against his bondmen to recover the amount stolen.

At Cost.

Our entire line of winter goods. Underwear, Blankets, Woolens, Hose, etc.

Our line of CLOAKS at your own price.

Our entire line of STOVES will be at much lower prices this month.

Call and see us.



ENOCH'S BARGAIN HOUSE

MT. STERLING - KY.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., props., Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Drug-gists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kenan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. 24-4.

A Card of Thanks.

No one can be more grateful than I am for the many kindnesses from so many friends shown my wife in her last sickness.

WILLIAM C. HELWIG.

Rev. Cleon Keys is in the city collecting funds for the Bracken Missionary Board of the Baptist Church. He preached at the Baptist Church Sunday morning in his usual earnest, forcible style and pleasant manner.

Mr. Frank Owene, of Maysville, well known here as a member of the Star Bed Fishing Club, died at his home in Mayfield last Thursday. He was a honest, upright, genial gentleman.

The weather for the past week has been of all sorts except pleasant. We have certainly passed through a week of about as abominably disagreeable weather as could well be gotten up.

The Weather Bureau gives the forecast for to-day fair and warmer.

"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU."

You often glad to meet other folks, you know? But they sometimes frown when it comes to saying so. Or when I say "I'm glad to see you," oh, so faint and low! That you wonder just how far their gladness goes?

Say "I'm glad to see you" when you mean it. Speak it out.

Don't bite off a piece of it and leave the rest in Let your lips know what your soul is thinking most about.

It take an orator to say the sentence Down it need much rhetoric to make you feel its might.

How many thousand tongues tell its meaning quite?

You feel it when you're going home and see the window light; You feel it in the heart's smile, blushing warm and bright.

In a mother's morning kiss and in the last In the boy's reaching arms, which tell the same delight.

"Glad to see you!" Oh, you friends of dead Could we only hear it from your dear lips far away!

Could we only tell it into ears which mingle now with clay.

We might gall the meaning which the simple words convey.

Say "I'm glad to see you," then to friends who still are here.

Say it with a meaning that is music to the ear.

More than words are cheap, but deeds are dear.

And men will say back to you and make their clear eyes gleam.

—J. E. V. Cooke in New York Sun.

BLUE EYED GRASS.

It grew all about on the highlands, springing up in patches among the coarse sea grasses. The ground was covered with gray lichen, thick and soft as velvet, and it was wonderful how such a delicate little thing found a foothold. It had two neighbors as bright and beautiful as itself—the goldenrod and the bellflower—but they had strong, stiff stems and would thrust the lichen aside or pierce it. How the blue eyed grass managed no one knew, but it came up every year and lifted its flower stars to the light and surprised the people who had not seen it before very greatly, for no one expected to find a light blue flower larger than a forget-me-not upon a grass plant.

Down on the East Chop lighthouses a patch of them grew up every year just outside the white walls which limited the lighthouse keeper's garden. The keeper, "Cap'n" Syres, had lived there for nearly twenty years. He did not tend light now. He had not done so since his seventieth birthday, when he retired on a pension and his nephew was appointed in his place. He sat in his garden on fine afternoons and evenings, looking over the broad bay, or haven, as it is called, toward the twin light upon the West Chop until the air grew chill and he began to cough, when he reluctantly suffered his niece to remove his large stuffed rocker instead.

On these fine evenings the captain would sit in his chair and listen to the voices from the cottages scattered over the highlands to look at the light and express their gracious approval of what they were profoundly ignorant of. Others were more idlers, for whom the sea and sky sufficed, and these listened better. A good listener is born, not made, and does not belong to the executive classes. He has all time for his own. What ideal listeners Sam Lawson and Rip Van Winkle must have been! Without setting up a rival claim to these critics, myself have a very pretty talent for listening. I like to hear the drone of an old voice as I like the wind through the pines. How fascinated and, so to speak, time stained old voices become, and how they reveal the key to which the soul is tuned! The captain had possessed a deep, full organ. It was gone, but a remnant of its whole soulness was yet to be recognized, and he loved to talk, especially of himself and his adventures. Those things to hear did I not seriously incline, and many long afternoons I talked away, while I sat smoking by his side or pulling the flowers to pieces under the pretext of botanizing. It was on one of these long afternoons that he told me the story of the blue eyed grass. I had a bunch of it in my hand as I turned in at the gate, and the captain noticed it immediately.

"Did you ever think what these looked like?" he asked.

"No," I said tentatively. "I don't know that I ever did. I never saw it before this week. It came all in a few days, and it is already in fruit. It will not last long."

"Well, I can't say much," if you had lived it for years, "but I see it was just like the eyes of children—little children who hadn't lived long enough to lose the color out of 'em—that color like the sky out there."

He pointed to the sky over the water, a clear, delicate blue sky, such as Jim loves, and I recognized that the flower in my hand was of exactly the same hue.

"I'd never have thought of it, though," he went on, "if it hadn't been for Millie. I never see it now without seeing her little face as I saw it the first time and the last. There was not much difference, though, in the last time the gold was thicker in

her curl, but her eyes were both set."

I knew enough now to remain silent if I wanted to hear a story from the old man, so I went on quietly taking a flower to pieces by the aid of a glass I carried in my pocket, and presently he began again. He always began in the middle.

"I never see a worse storm than that, and no wonder that cooler looks harder. The wind whirled off the rocks, and everything flung had to run under bare poles. Most of 'em was driven into the haven, but she had worse luck and ran right on shore here on the Chop, stave a hole in her side and began to settle. The crew must have been disabled with fright—a few old hands could have put her straight in no time—but they just gave in and lost her and themselves. When ad came to them, they acted like crazy men, and only three of 'em could we get ashore. One was a white girl of a girl about 5 years old, who was lashed to a spar and came on shore as if by a miracle right to wife's feet. She was the mate's daughter, the men told us, and he had just lost his wife and was a-bringin' her to an aunt in New Bedford.

"He got ashore himself, the mate did, but he had been badly bruised about the head and had brain fever and did not live many days. The poor girl was all right by that time and played about the yard with mine, for she wasn't more'n a baby and didn't know what death meant. We wrote it all to the papers, to New Bedford and to northern Maine, the place where the cooler come from, but nobody even answered, and there was relations livin' they was too hard and selfish to come for'ard and claim the child, and she was too young to know nothing of 'em.

"Well, sir, and, settin' here, we sort of think of her as our own and treatin' her so. We never adopted her formally, but we had her baptized and vaccinated, and in time we almost forgot that she wasn't ours. Then, when she'd been with us two years, our Ruthie died, and we never had another baby, so Millie sort of filled her place as much as one child can fill another, but 'tain't exactly so, for each one seems to bring her own love with her, and you don't ever love two just alike. But at any rate we lived. Millie died, and she was just 5 years old, near us we could make out when she'd been a week, and I guess to tell, if you'd care to hear it."

He paused to draw a long breath, and I assured him of my sincere interest.

"Waal, sir, if you'll believe it, in midsunnum of that year a man turned up and wanted to adopt her reg'lar and take her away to Boston to go to school, for she was such a beautiful child. He was a cottager, a widow man and a nice enough man, only a stranger is a stranger all the world round. I dunno as there is anything to help that. However, wife and I talked it over, and we two just alike. But at any rate we lived. Millie died, and she was just 5 years old, near us we could make out when she'd been a week, and I guess to tell, if you'd care to hear it."

"I'm comin' to them flowers, sir. I ain't forgot 'em." Millie began askin' about them the next morning.

"Daddy," sez she, "is my little blue eyes out yet? I want to see 'em so. They've got lots of flowers up to Boston—big pink roses and lilies and some that look jest like beetles and butterflies—but they put 'em on for dinner, and you can't pick 'em, so they're not very much good to anybody. I'm goin' to out and pick lots of blue eyes out with 'em like I used to. Can't I, daddy?"

"Yes, yes, as soon as they grow," sez Linder caroles and grinpin down to her, cos I was afraid if I gave her out of my clothes, she'd be out again, as she was in.

"I didn't mean easy to 'em on the rest for many a day, and we chokked up so bad meals we didn't hardly eat any. It was almost like Ruthie over again. She went away in October, and we didn't look for her back till June, when the cottages opened again, and it was a dreary winter enough we had. When Christmas come, they sent us a letter in her name, with a black seal on it, and we opened it, and it was only a short spell, kinder like a gleam of light behind a cloud, for there came a cold wind, and she went right down again. Then I took to goin' out to hunt for blue bin flowers, for I made up my mind she should have 'em and pick 'em like I used to. I can't, daddy."

"Every day it was same. She was always talkin' about goin' out to pick flowers, and for a few days it did seem likely enough. She brightened up a sight and rode out a little ways in the sunniest part of the day and into the lighthouse itself. But the nurse wouldn't hear to her standin' on the stone floor more than a minute, and I planted a big patch of 'em there outside the yard when she didn't know it. It was about all I could do for her, for Ruthie was comin' and goin' and bringin' all sorts of useless things nobdy wanted."

"She was made to the Clyde, that night, and had been cut to her jib then, as I was a friend for any I'd ever seen before, though she's long on 'em now around. That you know I came to know Richards, goin' on board that boat, and when I see her again I knew sure as anything that bad news was comin'. I jest went on cleanin' the lights faster, like as if I was machinery, and when I was done I went straight in the kitchen to find mother."

"Mother," sez I, "that Richards boat is out there in the haven, and it don't bode good. Mr. Smithen's the master with Millie, and he's come to tell us, but don't get fidgety, for I said notthin', but after breakfast when the nurse had gone to sleep and moth-

women are so flighty. It is best to 'em in warnin' and firm support."

"Law, father," sez she, taking her hands out of the dough, "do you know that?"

"I feel it convinchin'," sez I, and she never said a word agin it.

"Like as she was gettin' weaker hourly, and it hurt her to speak much."

"Somethin' you won't pick," sez I, trying to stop her from speakin'.

"It's blue eyes," sez she, with a weekly little smile; "but, daddy, can't ever pick 'em. Oh, if I could just only have 'em! Are they rea-

ly?"

"You wait a min'ute," sez I, and I com-

right into my head then and I didn't stop to argue. I went out and took a basket and dup up a lot of 'em, and I em'nt it and went and set it down on the right on what I call the bed before the fire. The nurse could hinder

her, but I had a daughter so tall as tryin'

"Weant word back we was ready and in and about her house they brought her in an easy carriage, and I knowed it all at the first look. That child was dyin' of homesickness for the sea. The nurse told us all about it—how she began to fall along about Christmas time, and they took her to one big doctor after another and tried to get her to eat and to build her up, and how that Richards got the most expensive toys and sweet-sounds for her. But it didn't do no good, and last the doctor said, "Send her off on the yacht," and then Richards thought awhile and said, "Would you like to go to the lighthouse, Marina?" He always called her that outlandish name, out of a play, and he said it meant something about the sea. When she heard that, she ran and put her arms tight around his neck and cried out, "Oh, uncle, can I, can I?"

"So she knew that she had been longin' to go to the t'ee and hadn't told nobody about it because she thought she, being the mare baby she was, you see, she'd never been out of sight and sound of the sea, been born, as we sort of think of her as she was, almost on the water. I've known strong men give in to i and droop right down if they tried to give up followin' the sea and live inland, and here was a little child agoin' that way, and nobody in all Boston knew enough to help her."

"Waal, she come, and mother she behaved real quiet, own mind waitin' to my havin' given her warning. I'se a'posse. It's a'posse to see that she's comin' up, comin' to tell us all about it, and the blossoms will go on livin' for hundreds of years maybe, jest as if the world was made for 'em."

I wrote in my notebook, "Siyar-

richum bernardina; not a grass,

an iris. June 25, 1892," and pressed

the blossoms as gently as I knew how.

"It seemed as if it had somethin' thang akin to personality—Omaha World-Herald."

JUST A WORD.

In the midst of life's reveries,
When thy pathway all seems dark,
Blissful moments are thy lot,
E'en by pleasure's faintest spark:

When deep gloom and sad forebodings
Crushes thee within its arms,
And the shadows of thy surroundings
Working ill like evil charms.

When they labor all seem useless,
And existence one great pain,
Joy is still to be found forever,
And to struggle still is vain.

Do some tender deed of mercy,
To a soul with sorrow racked,
Give the world of blessing kindnes,
In such helping little tasks.

That one deed the soul will lightens,
And its heavy gloom will lift,
As a ray of brilliant sunshine,
Through the black clouds may drift.
—Good Housekeeping.

MR. HURD'S HOLIDAY.

"No business tomorrow, my dear?"
Mr. Hurd announced cheerfully to his better half as he stepped into the sitting room and deposited several Crown paper bundles upon one of the chairs.

"Why, to be sure," she responded, brightening up. "I had almost forgotten that it will be a holiday. What are you going to do to celebrate? I suppose that we might all go off somewhere for the day," she concluded thoughtfully.

Mr. Hurd shook his head. "There are a number of things about the house which I am intending to look into tomorrow; it is only a few days ago that you were complaining that I was not more domestic, so now I am going to turn over a new leaf. I have come to the conclusion that we're constantly paying out money to incompetent workmen for little old jobs that could be done by myself. And, with brains and proper tools can turn off a good many dollars' worth of work in his spare moments." He went on as he removed the paper wrappers from the several bundles.

"Are you sure that you are feeling well as usual, Theodore? Your wife is in the kitchen having a quiet time-tionship while she recalled her many fruitless efforts in the past to awaken in him a desire to help out some slight household detail which needed attention.

"Never better, my dear," he answered, unrolling a bottle of glue-and-sew which lay on the mantelpiece. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I see, Theodore, it is such a new departure for you that—I couldn't help wondering if—"

"Well, if what?"

"If anything were the matter—if you were quite yourself. You're not foolish, dear, Theodore!" she concluded, holding his fingers over his forehead.

Mr. Hurd smiled benignly as he produced a small can of paint and a brush, which he sat down next to the glue. "I'll tell you just how it happened, my dear," said he. "My way down town I overtook Loveland, and as we walked along together, I told him that I was going to spend tomorrow." "As I usually spend my holidays," he replied, "in repairing and tinkering up things about the house and doing my best to freeze out the carpenter and the plumber, besides sorting over old papers and putting things to rights that I seldom have a chance at." After a brief pause he added, "I had many holidays I had wasted when I might have been really accomplishing something and have had money in my pocket book."

"I have reformed, my dear," he concluded, opening the last of the paper bundles, "as you will see tomorrow. But, as far as your new tools are concerned, if I do not think of the sort really well, isn't that a nice little hammer? And you remember that we hadn't any chisel or screwdriver that a man could possibly work with."

Mrs. Hurd gazed at her husband, while tears rose to her eyes. "Theodore, she said sadly, "you have realized that you are most unworthy. With all your faults, you have always been far ahead of other men, and now—I am almost afraid you are too perfect. You're sure that you do feel quite well, and haven't any sharp pain darting through your chest?"

The following morning Mr. Hurd began to carry out his good resolutions immediately after breakfast, and when the young children urged him to go for a walk he informed them that "father had some very important work to do, but that they might watch him as they went."

Mrs. Hurd, who came afterward mounting the attic stairs, followed by a procession of willing helpers. "Where are you going, Theodore?" she inquired.

"It is a long time since we had the tank cleaned out," he responded, "and I see no need of paying an incompetent and expensive plumber, who has another man to stand around and look at him for doing a simple thing like that."

"Very well, dear," his wife said encouragingly, "only are you sure that you understand all about it?"

"Of course I do," he replied a trifle indignantly, and Mrs. Hurd knew that she had made more confidence in him than to suggest such a possibility, retired meekly to her own room, where she quietly settled herself to her embroidery. "It is such a comfort to have Theodore interested

in these little household matters," she murmured contentedly.

"It is an education for the children too," she meditated as she listened to them running up and down stairs to bring their father first one thing and then another and heard his voice from the top of them to start all the fans running in the bath room and to bring him a pall and two or three sponges.

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"Oh, Theodore, do you think you had better leave it till the gas man comes?" his wife remonstrated.

"I should hope that I could serve on a simple fixture like that. Boys," he added, "just run down cellar and bring me up the tallest steps, and then ask Jane if she knows where that monkey wrench was put."

"Jane," he continued, "you were right. This was a new departure for me, and I am going to do my best to make it a success."

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Before his family could ascertain how badly he had been injured, he rose majestically, swelling with righteous indignation, and even refusing to allow Mrs. Hurd to examine the cut on his left wrist, which was bleeding freely from too close a contact with one of the defunct gas globes.

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"Very well," he assented, "then I won't melt up any of that glue I brought home to mend the chairs with."

"No, indeed," she protested earnestly, "if you have any love for me, Theodore, say that you will do nothing of the sort. It is all very well for ordinary men—men who haven't four talents and ability—to do such things, but with you it is quite different. You are capable of doing much better. Spend your time in your study, your library, your club, gambling, eat, smoke, play billiards, give me your word that whatever happens you will never be helpful about the house again!"

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ADOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Tuesday, January 15, 1895

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Railroad Commissioner.
We are authorized to announce John C. Wood as a candidate for Railroad Commissioner, for the Eastern District of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Republican party.

During the year 1894 there were 170 lynchings in the United States, Of these 165 were in the Southern States and 24 in the Northern States. The largest number were in Georgia, being 20. Kentucky and Alabama come next with 19 each. Is it not time we were doing something to remedy this evil? To what purpose is it that we organize an immigration bureau in our State so long as this state of affairs exists? People will not seek such a place for a home, unless they can find no other, if they are seeking for peace, prosperity and security.

If we desire to induce others to come to Kentucky to live we must be able to furnish them with good government and an assurance of safety to themselves and their families. We must be able to assure them that no body of men shall dare to attack them at night, even if they should be under sentence for a violation of the law, and execute them.

We must search out and punish all violators of the law, no matter whether that violation has been by individuals or by a company of men. Until we do so we might as well "hang our harps on the willows," or seek to silence the rocks of Gibraltar to move from their places as to try to induce lovers of law and order, (and God knows we want no others) to cast their lot among us.

The Governor of the State has offered a reward of \$400 and the Montgomery County Court has offered an additional reward of \$100 for the detection of the members of the mob who hung Thomas Blair at this place on New Year's morning. It is to be hoped that this offer of \$500 will be inducement sufficient to bring the perpetrators of this foul crime to justice. This looks as if the State and county are waking up to a realizing sense of the shameful disregard of law that has too often been exhibited in our midst. We have not a reasonable suspicion as to who the guilty parties are, but of one thing we are well-assured and that is, if this community is to have any prospect of peace and safety, it is necessary that the dangerous spirit of mob violence shall be relentlessly stamped out in our midst. Let the guilty suffer the merited punishment of their dastardly crime that the community may have some assurance of peace and security in the future.

Gov. Matthews read in person his biennial message to the Indiana Legislature. He asks for legislation to close the Indiana rail track for more contingent funds available for the militia, and for legislation permitting the Governor to remove negligent Sheriffs and to proceed against violators of the public morals and public policy. He recommends a further reduction of the tax rate; a modification of the tax law to reach paid-up stock in building and loan associations; a law to prohibit prize fights; the construction of a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Ohio river. Senator Wright introduced a bill to prevent officials from accepting railroad passes.

After talking hopefully for a day of reviving the Currency Bill, the Democratic leaders in the House now recognize the apparent impossibility of accomplishing anything in the way of financial legislation at this session. Bills on this line were introduced in the Senate by Mr. Vest and Mr. McPherson, but they are not expected to go further. Renewed talk of an extra session is heard, but this is considered impossible, as the attitude of the silver Senators makes it doubtful whether the new Congress could succeed where this one has failed.

Representative Goodnight said that the Judiciary Committee of the House would soon have a day to consider several bills reported by the committee last summer and now on the calendar, among which is the Goodnight Bill to divide Kentucky into two judicial districts. The latter bill may pass the House, but will not get through the Senate.

One million dollars in gold was withdrawn from the Sub-treasury at New York Thursday for export Saturday, and \$10,000,000 more was taken off Friday.

Wholesome Advice to Tobacco Men.

(BY WILLIAM E. BEAN.)

My advice to farmers is not to ship their tobacco at the present time. The market is glutted with low grades and medium tobaccos.

A fine crop will sell well now and then, but there are ten chances to one that it will be overlooked in the great quantities that are being forced upon the market. The buyers are protesting against such heavy sales, but the warehousemen are making money by it, and continue to put up about 1,000 hds. daily. The sales continue from 8:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. viz: 8 hours or 480 minutes, taking the time to come from one warehouse to another, it leaves less than 15 seconds for the sale of each hoghead. Under such circumstances how can sellers expect anything but a wholesale butchery of prices. I had a hoghead of red leaf that cost me \$5.50 here, sell for \$2.85 there. There are hundreds of good hogheads' of red leaf selling for between \$5 and \$7, yet these are not written up in the papers.

There are hogheads being sold in both markets that are actually not paying shipping and sale expenses, therefore need not those tobacco drummers, who are urging you to hurry your tobacco into market, all they want is their commission, and they don't care whether your tobacco is given away or not. If you cannot sell at home, bulk your tobacco, lock your barns, forget you have it until the middle of April. Then hang it up until it sweats in case and gets in keeping order; buyers will then take hold for they can keep it then as long as they wish. I am sending Elder, who is in Florida, for his health.

Last Saturday was the coldest day for years at Grassy Lick. There are a good many frost bites reported.

Whatever the state department does is always worse, in the eyes of the republican editors, than anything else it could do. They have been calling for a vigorous foreign policy, and when Secretary Gresham gives it to them in his Spanish policy they denounce it as violently as they ever denounced his conservative Hawaiian policy. The "Americanism" of the party which boasts so loudly of its Americanism comes so loudly mainly of blind, bitter hatred of a man who had the independence to represent his political principles—Louisville Courier Journal.

Republican editors, who are writing able leaders headed "Populism Doomed" in one column do not allow a little thing like that keep them from using the next column for rejoicing over victories and the populists in combination have won over the "bourbons" in the south—N. Y. World.

The bondmen of ex-County Treasurer Alex. W. Smith, of Jeffersonville Ind., will make good the shortage of \$4,326 in his accounts.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

If only fools and children tell the truth there are not as many fools in the world as one might suppose.

Reading maketh a man full, but it doesn't get below the chin.

A dollar gets bigger the fatter you get away from it.

The cannon's mouth does less injury than the gossip's mouth.

The apparel doth oft proclaim the man, but oftener the woman.

Good taste is seldom an acquired habit.

There is no valid reason why the illus and roses of our courtship should not grow into a wider field of matrimony.—Detroit Free Press.

At Dallas, Texas, another correspondent of the scurrilous paper published at Kansas City has been slain by a man whose family he had slandered.

</

I do not sell my goods at cost; yet you will find that my prices are uniform and reasonable. My goods are guaranteed to be of best quality. My stock complete. Prescriptions a specialty. Your patronage is respectfully solicited, and you are invited to give me a call.

THOS. KENNEDY,
The Druggist.



Chronic Nervousness Could Not Sleep, Nervous Headaches.

Gentlemen—I have been taking your Restorative Nervine for the past three months, and I cannot say enough in its praise. It has

Saved My Life.

for I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I am a chronic sufferer from nervousness and could not sleep. I was also troubled with nervous headache, and had tried doctors in vain, until I used your Nervine. MRS. M. WOOD, Ringwood, Ill.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that it will cure nervousness. All druggists sell it at \$1.50, 6 bottles for 95¢, or will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

PUBLIC SALE —OF— LAND AND STOCK!

I, the undersigned, will sell at public auction

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1895.

If not sold privately before that time, the following described property to-wit:

Sixty-eight acres of land three miles from Mt. Sterling, on the Mt. Sterling and Winchester turnpike, and on the waters of Somerset creek with yard running to pike. One house with five good rooms; one good stable at the door; one meat house; one good milk house; one buggy house, and a good stable and corn-crib. A young orchard with fifty trees ready for bearing. This land has never had any tobacco raised on it; has fifteen acres of bottom land, and never falling stock water. This is a very desirable home for any person who wants a small farm.

Will also sell at same time and place, one good milch cow, one dry.

One yearling steer, Two heifer calves, One good combined mare, six years old.

One yearling colt, One mule colt.

Terms made known on day of sale.

Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a.m.
JAMES H. THOMSON,
W. H. FLETCHER, Aug.
25-41

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

Section 1. That section 5 of the By-Laws be amended so as to read, That the First Ward shall be read and remain as it now is.

The Ward No. 2 commence at the North end of Maysville street and run on a line with the said street to the Southern limit of the city; thence E. to Queen street or the Jeffersonville pike, and with the pike and Queen street and on a line with same to city limits; thence West to the beginning on North Maysville street, and thence all of said city lying East of said Jeffersonville pike and Queen street, shall then constitute the Third Ward of said city of Mt. Sterling, Ky. and that the Fourth Ward shall remain as it now is, and as now constituted by law.

ADAM BAUM, Mayor.
GEO. BAIRD, Clerk of Council.
24-2t

Dan Colamer, a young man of Newport, Ky., mysteriously disappeared last week and his fate was uncertain until Friday night, when Adam Eng, a prisoner, confessed that he and Colamer were out on the river in a skiff when the skiff overturned and Colamer was drowned.

Miss Mattie Quicksell began the teaching of shorthand and typewriting in Hazel Green Academy, December 31.

Mr. Bruns J. Clay, of Richmond, will visit Mrs. Marsteller also of Richmond.

If Not,

HOOD'S AND ONLY
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you, because it is the best purifier. **HOOD'S CURES**

What if
I should
Die
To-night?

Domestic duty to my family?
Made them safe from the pangs of want?

Made arrangements to meet me at the grave?

Provided a future home for my children?

Provided means to educate my children?

Protected against the cold charity of the world?

Provided for old age?

Provided for long sickness?

Provided for funeral expenses?

Insured my life?

You should insure at once with **W. C. HOFFMAN**, Special Agent of THE NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., which company writes the best and most liberal contract of any other.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Roy Gibson has returned from a visit to Millersburg.

J. W. Stevens, of this city, was in Sharpsburg Sunday.

John Waiters, of Sharpsburg, was in the city last week.

Miss Mary Turner, of Sharpsburg, was in the city last week.

Col. A. W. Hamilton, of this city, was in Beattyville last week.

Attorney J. M. Oliver, was in Jackson last week on legal business.

Mr. A. Broh, of Cincinnati, was in the city on business last week.

Mrs. Shaw, of Ohio, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Enoch.

T. J. Jones, of Sharpsburg, visited his daughter, Mrs. S. K. Ford last week.

Miss Nettie Hunt has returned from a visit to Miss Emma Greene of Lexington.

C. M. Clark, of Clay City, visited friends here. He returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Lou Sharp, of Sharpsburg, visited the family of Mr. Sam Bates at Bardstown.

Mrs. James H. Hazelrigg, of Frankfort, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. P. Cheanult.

Mrs. Carrie D. Anderson leaves this week for Natick, Mass., where she attends school.

Mrs. Louisa Woodford, of Lexington, attended the burial of her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Bates.

Miss Eliza Harris will go to Lexington to-morrow to spend a few days with Mrs. Bishop Clay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Browning, of Sharpsburg, were in the city to attend the funeral of Mrs. Sam Bates.

Mrs. Samuel Cooley has returned to her home in Warner, Ohio, after an extended visit to her daughter, Mrs. D. W. Baum.

Mrs. Lizzie Everett will leave this week for Louisville where she will make a short visit and then proceed to Fort Worth, Texas, to visit the family of her son-in-law, Rev. J. M. Wells.

Mr. John A. Butler, wife and children and M. L. Butler, wife and daughter, of Ashland, were at the bedside of Mrs. William C. Helwig during her last illness.

J. R. Lemon, former editor of the Benton Tribune, has sold his paper and is now engaged in the hat business at Paducah. J. T. Wear purchased the paper and will continue its publication.

Elder Elliott, State Evangelist for Kentucky, filled the pulpit at the Christian church Sunday morning and Elder — Thomas, of Lexington, pastor of the Christian church at Sharpsburg, preached at the evening. Both presented able discourses and it is much to be regretted that the inclement weather deprived so many of hearing these sermons.

William Taylor, the murderer of David Doty, was hanged at Richmond Friday in the presence of an immense throng of people. It was Madison county's first legal execution since August 1, 1863.

There will be a meeting of the Episcopal ministers of Kentucky at Lexington this week to discuss the question of two Bishops in Kentucky. Bishop Dudley's duties being considered too heavy for him.

Mr. Arthur Neville and wife have rented the upper floor of Mrs. Kate Brown's residence on West High street and will commence house-keeping immediately.

It is said that Baron de Hirsh has given Sir Tatton Sykes, who has one of the most select studs in England, the refusal of the wonderful mare, La Fleche, at \$50,000.

The ladies of the Rescue Mission will meet at the home of Mrs. B. F. Dorsey at two o'clock to-morrow, Wednesday evening. All members are urgently requested to be on hand.

Mr. Mt. Sterling Ice Factory has its office in the Commercial Club building, just opposite E. F. Tabl's office. 24-4t.



Hood's is Good "It Makes Pure Blood

Scrofula Thoroughly Eradicated.

"I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"It is with pleasure I give you the details of our little May's sickness and her return to health by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. She was taken down with

Fever and a Bad Cough,

Following this, sore-ear on her right side between the two lower ribs. In a short time another broke on the left side. She would take spells of sore mouth and when we had succeeded in getting her to sleep, she would have attacks of high fever and expectorally looking droplets of blood and sputum would exude from her ears. After each attack she be-

Hood's Sar. **pure** **Cures**

cures worse and all treatment failed to give her relief. After a month's time we had no success but she was better. We continued until she had a severe attack of scrofula and sputum. Mrs. A. M. ADAMS, Human, Tennessee.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels, &c.

Begin the
New
Year by
Buying
Your

GROCERIES

From
A. BAUM
& SON.

21 E. MAIN ST.,
MT. STERLING, KY.

They carry the
largest stock and
sell —

Best
Goods
at Lowest
Prices!

A call is
requested.

Great Reduction! IN Queensware

Lamp Goods!

In order to reduce my large stock of Queensware and Lamp goods, I propose to sell them at 25 per cent. discount less than regular price, for the next THREE WEEKS. This will be an opportunity to buy these goods at a price worth your while to consider.

Remember, this is only for THREE WEEKS.

W. W. Reed,
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

BRONCHINI

THE GREAT COUGH CURE

CURES COUGHS COLDS BROCHITIS GROUP LUNG FEVER CONSUMPTION INFLUENZA DISEASES OF THE THROAT LUNGS

For sale by **THOS. KENNEDY**, Druggist, EAST MAIN STREET. — MT. STERLING, KY.

Manufacturing Jeweler | Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Fine Plated Ware.

A Specialist in Fitting Glasses.

REPAIRING BY SKILLED MEN.

The Place to Buy Holiday Presents! THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY

VICTOR BOGAERT, 17 East Short Street, LEXINGTON, KY.

WHO . . .

DOES YOUR INSURING?

FIRE, LIFE,
TORNADO,
ACCIDENT.

WHY . . .

CAN'T WE DO IT?

STRONG COMPANIES,
EXPERIENCED
UNDERWRITERS.

J. G. & R. H. WINN,

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE. 14 COURT PLACE
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

BREATURES THAT TUMBLE UPWARD.
Deep Sea Fish Face a Danger Unknown to Other Living Things.

It is only reasonable to suppose that the ability to sustain an enormous pressure can only be acquired by an animal after generations of migration from shallow waters. Those forms that are brought up by the dredge from the depths of the ocean are usually killed and distorted by the enormous and rapid diminution of pressure in their journey to the surface, and it is extremely probable that shallow water forms would be similarly killed and crushed out of shape were they suddenly plunged into very deep water.

The fish that live at these enormous depths are, in consequence of the enormous pressure, liable to a curious form of death. If in chasing their prey or for any other reason they rise to the surface, the distance above the floor of the ocean, the gaseous of their swimming bladder become considerably expanded, and their specific gravity very greatly reduced. Up to a certain limit the muscles of their bodies can counteract the tendency to float upward, and even the most powerful swimmer can keep his head at the surface, but beyond that limit the muscles are not strong enough to drive the body downward, and the fish, becoming more and more distended as it goes, is gradually killed on its long and involuntary journey to the surface of the sea.

Men, who, like animals in the world are subject to "name," that of tumbling upward. That such accidents do occasionally occur is evidenced by the fact that some fish, which are now known to be true deep sea forms, were discovered dead and floating on the surface of the ocean long before our modern investigations were commenced.—Popular Science Monthly.

We Died on Coke.

It is alleged, in a memoir of the life of Lord Elton, that when plain John Scott, his zeal for knowledge was so great that he abandoned the pursuit of almost every kind of information and never sacrificed a moment from his legal studies beyond what was absolutely necessary for his health.

Elton died while serving under Lord Stowall, with a view of engaging him to meet Dr. Johnson and other men of distinguished literary talent, would sometimes say:

"Where do you dine today?"

To this question John's uniform answer was, "I dine on Coke today." When he had no time to demur with a "No," but came to my chambers, You'll see the doctor."

Whereupon John argued concerning the doctor, "He can't draw a bill," and so the friendly suit ended.

It is further affirmed, on the best authority, that it was an amusement in the early legal life of John Scott to have his clerks bring him a form of legal instruments, and that he actually converted the ballad of "Chevy Chase" into the shape and style of a bill of chancery.—Sala's Journal.

The Judge's Starting Story.

Many anecdotes are remembered of the late Judge Thompson of Gloucester. Thompson was a good story teller, and had the gift of stuttering, which helped him to tell his wondrous tales. Judge Thompson also came up to the Democratic state conventions, which used to be held each year in Worcester, and was always prided with good stories.

On one such occasion, the night before the convention, in the Bay State House, he was one of a group of men in a room, discussing the latest stories, when a movement in the circle broke in with "say, judge, tell that stuttering story you told in the cars coming up." The man was a stranger to the judge up to that time and had only met him for a few minutes in the train from Boston. The judge never could by any possibility tell the story that was not a "stuttering story," this unmediated joke was considered the best thing said that evening.—Worchester (Mass.) Gazette.

Crown of an Irish King.

One of the most highly prized relics in the British museum, that great storehouse of wonders and curiosities, both natural and artificial, is the crown formerly used by the Irish kings in the coronation exercises which made them monarchs of the Emerald Isle. There were two of these crowns, and one in question being that used by the MacMurroughs, a family who were anciently kings of Leinster. This regal relic, all that remains of the old Irish monarchy, is a plain gold band, rising to a peak of proudest point in front of the tenth century.—St. Louis Republic.

Why Wolfskins Are Cheap.

The Eskimos of the Arctic practice an ingenious method of trapping wolves—planting a stake in the ice with a blade of flint fastened to the upper end. About the flint blade they wrap a piece of blubber, which freezes hard. Presently along come some wolves and lick at the blubber until the edge of the flint cuts their tongues. Tasting their own blood they become frantic and attack the other, the fight continuing until the wolf pack lies dead. Next day the artful hunter comes along and skins them. That is one reason why wolf-skin rags are so cheap.—Iron Age.

WINTER CARE OF TACKLE.

Little Precautions With Rod, Reel and Lines That Will Hesay the Angler.

"It is a common mistake to me," said a veteran angler, "to find that some men have any tackle at all left over from the preceding year when I see the careless way in which they treat it. Rods are dumped haphazard into some garret corner, often dry and hot enough to warp a telegraph pole. Lines still wet from the last day's fishing are tossed into an envelope to mildew or are left to rot on the reels. The result is, your tackle becomes unhandled and without oil, are of course bound to rust and give poor service the following season. Hooks are tumbled in with the damping line, the steel to corrode, the gut to dry and crack and split. When the unfortunate who leaves things to care for themselves loses a big fish on the opening day of the next year's sport by the sudden parting of a rotted line, he breaks into a torrent of curses and abuse against the man who tackle maker was not straight to some shop to buy a complete new outfit, declaring that last year's stuff is never good anyway."

"Now, all this can be and should be avoided. An hour or so of care at the end of the season will insure the preservation of rods, hooks and lines. Every rod joint should be carefully straightened before it is put up for the winter. The tips especially are liable to be more or less bent by the constant downward strain. The remedy for this is to lay them on a flat board and tack leather strips across, holding them down to the plane surface. By keeping them damp a few days you can readily warp them into proper shape."

"Next give a good rubbing down with a mixture of powdered pumice and sweet oil to take off the cracked and broken surface of the old varnish, and then two thorough coats of thin shellac, allowing plenty of time for the first coat to dry before applying the second. You must always look to see that the guides and whipping are complete and in good order and repair any frayed or loose ones before putting on the preservative. This dressing fills all the pores of the wood and shuts out all decay. They lay the rods in their cases on a shelf in some room of moderate temperature. Standing them against a wall is a bad practice, as it tends to bend the wood."

"Rods must be carefully taken apart, cleaned of all rust and grit and oiled. Lines should be removed from the reels, first wiped off with a damp cloth, and when dry with an oiled one, and then wound on a flat bit of board. Hooks should always be dipped in oil before being stored away, and grease will also keep the gut moist and pliable.

"Artificial flies require more care than all the rest of the outfit put together. The wings of buffalo bugs, moths and shiners should be looked for at the best feather and silk stores. Take every one out of the book, and after laying in the sun for a few hours to kill any chance germs or eggs wrapped in camphorated paper in plain tissue paper, and sift thoroughly with powdered camphor gum. Then pack them away in a red cedar case if you have or can procure one, and no crawling vermin will disturb that nest."

"When you care taken in time the angler will find the pleasure of the next season that he has saved, many a dollar, and all of his outfit is as good as ever, and some of it even better than when it was new, because of the seasoning."—New York Sun.

Life in Maryland in the Olden Times.

On the broad porch of the manor house of an afternoon the planter and his comely dame dozed in their rocking chairs, and young lovers cooed in the shade of the vine, while the tall clock in the hall ticked with the consciousness of leisure, and the sideboard in the dining room winked and blinked with all its cut glass decanters. The old tide water plantation had long been the domain of the great families, and the grumpy, somewhat worthless progeny of the great, mentioning all the names, earthenware full, there were here and there for every guest; pipes and juleps were free; old French brandy could be had for \$1 a shilling a gallon, and Madeira, port and sherry for 5 shillings; the four horse coach still jolted and cracked cheerfully when the governor was to be met at the landing, and in the ancestral graveyard behind the house the "family" slept comfortable and quiet. When the coach in the morning struck the time in its golden slaves and the time turned over drowsily and took another nap, as though he had been kindly panted.—"Old Maryland Homes and Ways" in Century.

Hitherto Exempt.
"Here," said Chardon, "where are we?"

"Back," rejoined the shade. "I was electrocuted, but have been resuscitated."

The bohemian gazed into the turbid waters of the Styx.

"This O River," he exclaimed with marked asperity, "comes pretty near to giving us the double cross."

Detroit Tribune.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE TO
KIRKPATRICK & JOHNSON
1011 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.,
AND YOU WILL RECEIVE

The Highest Cash Prices!

—THY ETHEK—
Buy Outright

OR HANDLE ON COMMISSION

Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Poultry, Apples, Potatoes, Grain,

HIDES, ETC., ETC.

CAR LOTS A SPECIALTY.

SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colds, Coughs, Diarrhea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc. HEALS Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rickets, Arthritis, Soreness, Blisters, etc. BREAKS UP Catarrh, La Grippe, Influenza, Coughs, Sore Throats, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD, DOES GOOD—EVERY TIME.

Sold Everywhere at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. No Relief, No Pain.

HERB MEDICINE CO.

SPRINGFIELD, O.

JOHN C. WOOD, BROWN CORNELISON,

WOOD & CORNELISON,

Fire Insurance,

Real Estate

and

Loan Agents,

Represent some of the best Fire Companies and the best Loan Companies doing business in Kentucky. They will insure your property, lend you money or sell or rent your property.

Office, Fizer Block,

Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Wood's Phosphodine.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

Promptly and permanent relief from all forms of Nervous Weakness, Epilepsy, Impaired Vision, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excessive Smoking. Used by thousands of Physicians and Homœopathic Practitioners.

Large Oak druggist for Manufacturing. Price 50c per box. If offered at a lower price, make inquiry of the manufacturer.

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THE ADVOCATE.

BABIE GANS—A SONG.

(On the Advocate)
There's a little vine-clad cottage
Lies near my native heath,
And near it just across the meadow lands,
In the days of which I'm dreaming,
I used to walk shoulder,
With some little sweetheart. Ahhh! Gans.

Retreat—

Oh, she was young and fair,
With the softest golden hair,
But I left her for her own day
And have her on my thoughts always.

My precious little sweetheart. Ahhh! Gans.

We often met at even-side

To now upon the river,

And listen to the mocking birds a-tune,

And all memory of those dear days

Will cling to me like a dream,

And the smile of her laughter hushed so soon.

Retreat—

On the meadow-way was winding
From our cottage down to theirs,
And a clump of Hawthorne bushes grew between.

But the sweetest memories linger

'Round the Hawthorne who calls here,

Where oft in summer twilight we were seen.

And how often in the gloaming,
While the mystic sounds of even,
Woo back the memory of those dear days,
And all the joy it was to have.

I recall my darling's warning, wistome ways.

Retreat—

October, 1894.—OWEN EMMETT.

The New Court of Appeals.

"We have a new Court of Appeals. It is the profound wish of all men who care for the good name of the State that the the new court will do much to counteract the influence of a long line of decisions from the old, under which one has become one of the characteristics of Kentucky and punishment for crime one of the lost terrors."

"Time was when no appeal was allowed in criminal cases, and today it is within the power of this one court—following the law rather than its own sympathies, caring more for the protection of society than for the sufferings of those who have assailed it—to restore the good name of the State, to maintain the safeguards of life, and raise this community to the level of civilized communities elsewhere."

"A suit for slander was brought in the Federal Court, and won. The disappointed litigant as he left the courtroom was called by an intimate friend who said: 'You ought to have killed that fellow and you would have been acquitted, as it is you have to pay \$5,000 in a damage suit. It is cheaper to kill a man than to slander him.'

"Thus, gentlemen of the Court of Appeals, is true, and true, mainly because of decisions, beginning back a generation ago, when drunkenness was first accepted as some sort of excuse for murder, and coming down to the latest days, when the most forcible construction of badly drawn statutes, one murderer after another has been set free to become a hero to a set of hoodlums and a menace to all that is good in our social relations."

"Every execution by a mob is a reflection on the Kentucky Court of Appeals. Courts are not constituted to shield criminals from the vengeance of society, but that the law may be a terror to evil-doers."

"It has lost all such terrors. The men who dread the law are honest day laborers, or the men of business, who rather than enter the Court-house to maintain their rights, will yield one point after another, will compromise one issue after another, will surrender one privilege after another to the very limit of self-sacrifice, rather than become ensnared in the meshes of litigation; preyed upon under the form of law before the Judges who have long denied the power thereof."

"Three hundred years ago Hooker, 'the man of innocent wisdom,' wrote: 'Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her a s. is in the b. om of God; her voice is the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as fearing her, care, and the greatest are not exempted from her power.'

B. angels and men and creatures of what conditions soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

"It will be well for the State, when standing at your bar, reviewing the history of your honored tribunals, if such an apostrophe can be uttered by the litigants who turn to leave your courts. In Mt. Sterling the mob has scarcely scattered which hanged a prisoner charged with one crime for another, when a Sheriff of the State shoots his enemy in the back in Harrodsburg. A number of assassins meet a wedding party on the public road, add murder to seduction, and no gallows has been yet erected, though for eighteen months the blood of the slain has cried for vengeance."

To justify most flagrant usurpations

a Ohio Judge reads the records of crime covering only a few months, and all over the State we see shown, not merely indifference to law, but a bold defiance of its requirements.

The review of the last twenty-five years is not a pleasant one, but it is instructive. By the decisions of our courts capital punishment—say by the mob—has been abolished in this State. One trial after another is granted; one verdict after another is set aside; one witness after another is hurried from the State; one jury after another is dismissed until the people have come to believe that society has no right which a criminal is bound to respect, and the law has no obligations which the attorney for a murderer may not set aside.

"That other causes conspire the decisions of our courts to degrade Kentucky is true, but it would be difficult to exaggerate the influence of this high court on the progress of civilization in this State. For good or for evil it stands on a hill. It now enters upon a new era; pray God that it may be an era of better times, of better things, of better men. May the honorable men who occupy the bench at time paraphrase the saying of Ridley at the stake: 'We shall this day light a candle by God's grace, as I trust shall never be put out.'—Louisville Post.

The Post reflects our sentiments to the world. We once heard a Judge of our Circuit Court say to an attorney who was asking for a continuance: 'If the lawyers would work as hard to get their cases ready for trial as they do to continue them over, dockets would be less cumbersome.' Speedy justice, more than regard for lawyer's sympathy, for criminals is very much needed in Kentucky now.

Taxes! Taxes!! Taxes!!!

All taxes are past due and my term of office expires the first day of January, 1895. Those who do not pay in the next ten days will be levied on and must pay another additional 6 per cent for said levy and have their property sold. I mean all who have not paid.

JNO C. RICHARDSON,
December 3, 1894. Sheriff.
19-ft

Big Four Route.

Best line to and from Chicago, Solid vestibuled trains, with Buffet parlor cars, elegant coaches, dining cars, Wagner sleeping cars, and latest improved private compartment Buffet sleeping cars, magnificently furnished with toilet accessories in each compartment.

St. Louis.—Solid vestibuled trains with Buffet parlor cars, coaches and dining cars, and Wagner Buffet sleeping cars.

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Catarrh Cannot be Cured.

WITH LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as

they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces.

The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh.

Send F. J. CHENY & CO., Proprietary, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. 19-ft

At this time of the year and during this kind of weather the farmer would care for his milch cows if he expects a good flow. His pigs should be kept in dry but not dusty quarters and be well fed. Especially should sheep receive proper attention. Poultry is profitable, but they must have a clean and warm house. It must be well-ventilated and cool at this time of year is the best food for them.

Tooc often the farmer is heard to say

that there is no money in cattle, hogs, horses, sheep, poultry, etc. They are mistaken. The demand for all of them is great, and in the proper condition the returns show reasonable profit, but the best results cannot be obtained without work, and to care and work properly a person must be posted as to what is best. Experience is a good but expensive teacher, and if you would learn quickly, accept the experience of others and improve on it if you can. There is not an idle moment for the successful man.

ENGLAND'S GREAT RECORD.

The Hugo River which divides the De-
partments of Parliament.

Hansard, in 459 volumes, cannot be considered light reading, and the lovers of such will not thereby be attracted to the University of Pennsylvania, which has come into possession of the series. But the tomes contain the debates of the English parliament for a period of 825 years, going back to the time of Saxon origin, before the days of William Rufus. Every historical student will not expect stereographic reports of the eloquence of those early times, for the art of verbatim reporting is quite modern, but something has been recovered which will pass for the official record, and the engrossing Hansard embraces all, presenting a continuity of parliamentary discussion before which even such robust masters of research as Gibbon, Carlyle and Albertus Magnus might turn aside in confusion and despair. It is only in recent years that such reports have been reported, everything like accuracy. Up to the close of the last century they were written out from memory by the drudges and day laborers of literature, sometimes men of genius, like old Sam Johnson, who reproduced the speeches of both sides, taking care that "the Whig dogs should not get the best of it" and greatly mending the eloquence of the discourses which he preserved.

Shortland came in with the beginning of the present century, but was not immediately perfected, and was not really parliamentary and other records, and did not find a market for and conjectural interpretation in them, not always to the impairment of the original fabric. But for a long time the reports of parliament, like those of our own legislative chambers, have been of great accuracy, and they constitute a body of debate which in the importance of the subjects discussed and the lines of action radiating therefrom have never been equaled in the world.

The University of Pennsylvania is lucky in possessing rare a treatise, exceeding in bulk the scrolls in which Manetho prescribes the reigns of his pharaohs, and also the annals of the Egyptian dynasties, besides being a good deal more interesting and important. Considering the mass of literature which these volumes contain, it is rather alarming to prefigure what our own congressional eloquence will amount to in printed bulk at the end of the ensuing eight centuries. The forecast is entirely overwhelming, but the result, though not to be precisely defined, is inevitable unless some Cromwell arises to shake off the shackles of parliamentary fabric and bludgeon it ahead of the winds as dust and stable and some Omar to burn up the congressional and other libraries. In default of some such measure of limitation congressional bibliography will run into proportions beside which the serried ranks of Hansard will dwindle to naught and its expanding bulk constitute a menace to the stability of institutions which require such an amount of talk to keep them going.

—New York Advertiser.

Blue or light-colored eyes are popularly supposed to most frequently carry the baleful influence, and to counteract this blue heads are sometimes worn. Cases are cited of men able to overthrow a carriage merely by looking at it, to wittip a boulder, and so on. It is said that the belief in the evil eye among Christians Jews and Mohammedans is stronger even than their religious beliefs.

The peasants try to read good and bad news from the color and growth of a horse's hair. This habit they seem to have got from the Bedouin Arabs, but are not so expert in the signs. A chestnut horse, for good luck, must have either both hind legs or else the near leg white. If only the off hind leg is white, that is bad luck. Then, by the way the hair grows on the neck, it is argued whether the owner will be killed by a spear or a dagger, and if a horse begins to dig with his feet that means that the owner is soon to be buried.—All the Year Round.

Tenbury and Wellington.

In Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington are the lines:

Not once or twice in our fair island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

The lines, thrice repeated, with slight variations, are a paraphrase of a remark of the Iron Duke which had deeply impressed the poet.

Some one told Wellington that the word "glory" never occurred in his disputes.

"If glory had been my object," he answered, "the doing my duty must have been the means."

A. L. F. Poem.

On the skeleton of a lady who died at Pompeii were found two golden bracelets, six of silver, four golden anklets, four earrings, 30 finger rings, a golden collar, a golden belt and a golden band on her head, while by her lay a purse containing 197 silver coins.

THE HUGO RIVER WHICH DIVIDES THE DEPARTMENTS OF PARLIAMENT.

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulence. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not distant when we shall have the real interests of our children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, sooty syrup, and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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